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"damned niggers," and considers them and their feelings as of no importance, except so far as he makes them of service to himself. The tone in English society in India toward the natives is generally, not universally, that of undisguised contempt. No distinction is made between the native gentleman and the native rascal, and no native with a sense of his own dignity, or with proper self-respect, will seek intercourse with those by whom he is regarded and treated, not as an equal, but an inferior. Solitude is, therefore, forced upon him on this side as on all others.

The picture I have drawn of the position of a man raised by education and character above the general level of the community, is not an exaggerated one. In a letter written to me by one of this class, he thus speaks of himself:

"You can hardly conceive our pitiable condition, I mean of those like myself, who have had the good fortune (I should more properly say from the circumstantial embarrassment, *ill-fortune*), of having been brought up differently from their predecessors, as to think in many instances so diametrically dissimilar to the notions considered orthodox in this country. Their minds are constantly perturbed, and in a state of feverish commotion quite indescribable. Our position is quite miserable, awful to think of, and can only be felt by actual situation, in which I never wish anybody, much less my friends, to be placed for trial. But as no innovation can be effected without suffering the direful consequences of excommunication, and the concomitant pains inseparable therefrom, we are impelled from feelings of affection, and ties of friendship, to adhere apparently to vile custom. To entertain and give expression to any notion different from the preconceived and prevailing opinion of the community in any matter whatsoever, is deemed heretical, and the Hindus cannot tolerate heresy. Any one imbibing such opinion, is made to separate himself from everybody most dear and near to him. But I am happy, most happy, inexpressibly so, in being able to say, that as our number is daily increasing, the Hindoos of the old school are becoming more and more tolerant; not, however, from any conviction of the absurdity of their views, but because they have no help, and cannot restrain the current of improved thoughts. I wish our rising generation will be more happy in having to think of less opposition. I dare say the third generation from the present will find no obstacles in their way, since the inveterate opponents to reformation will all die away, and make room for others with more refined feelings and ideas. For myself, as now situated, I wish I could persuade my mind to think as a fatalist, for in that case I might have consoled myself with the thought that we were destined to be so situated, and that there was no need of fretting about those things that now perturb our minds."

This passage seems to me to describe a state of feeling as natural as it is pathetic. But the very existence of such character as is shown in it, and the very fact of the sadness of their condition being felt so deeply by such men, while awakening sympathy for them, gives the promise of better things to come. The trials of the present turn into strength and gladness for the future,

and the seed that is sown with tears shall be reaped as a harvest of golden grain.

It is not only the restlessness of the native mind, under the restraints that have so long been imposed upon it, that affords good ground for hope that India has entered upon a course of improvement and regeneration. Efforts are being made on all sides by the English to introduce new elements of progress. A system of education is being spread over the land, beginning with the general establishment of elementary schools for all classes, and ending with the foundation of colleges for those able to pursue the higher branches of learning. The internal resources of the country are being developed. Roads rivaling those of Roman times now bind the great cities together. Canals which take their place among the noblest works of modern beneficence, draw off the waters of useless rivers to fertilize vast tracts of land, and to secure their inhabitants from the famine, that before their construction was the certain attendant of long-continued drought. Whole tribes have been reclaimed from the habits of lawless and predatory life to the content and peace of prosperous agricultural communities. Railroads are stretching inland from both coasts, bringing far distant towns close together, and levelling the old differences of race and caste. The telegraph reaches out its arms from city to city, and messages travel in an instant from one end of the land to the other. Every advance that civilization makes in the West is a gain for the civilization of the East.

Nor is it alone in these great conspicuous ways that progress is to be noted. The whole scheme of government is slowly being adapted to the special demands made upon it, and is receiving those modifications which experience shows to be needed. There are hints, too, of an improvement in the social relations of the governors and the governed. The barrier which has excluded natives from any but subordinate positions in public offices, has been broken down. A Hindoo physician, Dr. Chuckerbutty, has been enrolled in the regular medical service of the East India Company, and almost the last mail from India brings the news of the appointment of Prono Conomart Tagore, a son of the distinguished Dwarkanath Tagore, to a seat on the bench of the Sudder Adawlut, or Supreme Court of Bengal, at Calcutta, thus placing him in the highest judicial position in India. That a Hindoo should be made a judge over Englishmen, shows at once that an essential change in the policy of the government has commenced, and sets a stamp of certainty on the fact, that Eastern color and birth are not to interfere with the actual equality of the two races. By such a course as this, a thousand invidious social distinctions will be swept away, and the terms of intercourse between native and English gentlemen will soon be regulated by the same laws that prevail in a community where differences of race do not exist to create distinctions that have no foundation in character.

And there is still another and a more solid ground of hope in the gradual spread of Christianity by direct efforts, and by indirect influences. It is from this, indeed, that all the other sources of progress take their rise. It is to the effect of the spirit of Christianity, to the power of Christian

principles, more or less fully recognized, that the means of improvement now in course of development are mainly due, and it is by this spirit and this power that what remains to be done will finally be effectually accomplished.

Will be accomplished; but when? It seems, indeed, in looking at the vast extent and overwhelming weight of the evils to be encountered and overthrown, and at the smallness of the force engaged against them, as if the time when they shall be subdued were so distant as to be almost beyond the reach of the forward-looking eye of faith. Progress is always slow, and against such obstacles is made with irregular and faltering steps. But with every step fresh strength is gained. The work of regeneration has begun, and it will go on till at length the time shall come, when her children free, enlightened, and united not merely by the loose ties of blood and birth, but by the closer bonds of a common faith, India shall no longer sit weeping

"Beneath dark palm-trees by the river's side."

IMITATION OF NATURAL MATERIALS.

AND, therefore, in finally leaving the Ducal Palace, let us take with us one more lesson, the last which we shall receive from the Stones of Venice, except in the form of a warning.

The school of architecture (The Early Renaissance) which we have just been examining, is, as we have seen, redeemed from severe condemnation, by its careful and noble use of inlaid marbles as a means of color. From that time forward this art has been unknown, or despised; the frescoes of the swift and daring Venetian painters long contended with the inlaid marbles, outvying them with color, indeed more glorious than theirs, but fugitive as the hues of wood in autumn; and, at last, as the art itself of painting in this mighty manner failed from among men, the modern decorative system established itself, which united the meaninglessness of the veined marble with the evanescence of the fresco, and completed the harmony by falsehood.

Since first, in the second chapter of the "Seven Lamps," I endeavored to show the culpableness, as well as the baseness, of our common modes of decoration by painted imitation of various woods or marbles, the subject has been discussed in various architectural works, and is evidently becoming one of daily increasing interest. When it is considered how many persons there are whose means of livelihood consist altogether in these spurious arts, and how difficult it is, even for the most candid, to admit a conviction contrary both to their interests and to their inveterate habits of practice and thought, it is rather a matter of wonder, that the cause of Truth should have found even a few maintainers, than that it should have encountered a host of adversaries. It has, however, been defended repeatedly by architects themselves, and so successfully, that I believe, so far as the desirableness of this or that method of ornamentation is to be measured by the fact of its simple honesty or dishonesty, there is little need to add anything to what has been already urged upon the subject. But there are some points

connected with the practice of imitating marble, which I have been unable to touch upon until now, and by the *consideration* of which we may be enabled to see something of the *policy* of honesty in this matter, without in the least abandoning the higher ground of principle.

Consider then, first, what marble seems to have been made for. Over the greater portion of the surface of the world, we find that a rock has been providentially distributed, in a manner particularly pointing it out as intended for the service of man. Not altogether a common rock, it is yet rare enough to command a certain degree of interest and attention wherever it is found; but not so rare as to preclude its use for any purpose to which it is fitted. It is exactly of the consistence which is best adapted for sculpture; that is to say, neither hard nor brittle, nor flaky, nor splintery, but uniform, and delicately, yet not ignobly, soft—exactly soft enough to allow the sculptor to work it without force, and trace on it the finest lines of finished form; and yet so hard as never to betray the touch, or moulder away beneath the steel; and so admirably crystallized, and of such permanent elements, that no rains dissolve it, no time changes it, no atmosphere decomposes it; once shaped, it is shaped for ever, unless subjected to actual violence or attrition. This rock, then, is prepared by Nature for the sculptor and architect, just as paper is prepared by the manufacturer for the artist, with as great—nay, with greater—care, and more perfect adaptation of the material to the requirements. And of this marble paper, some is white, and some colored; but more is colored than white, because the white is evidently meant for sculpture, and the colored for the covering of large surfaces.

Now, if we would take Nature at her word, and use this precious paper, which she has taken so much care to provide for us (it is a long process, the making of that paper; the pulp of it needing the subtlest possible solution, and the pressing of it—for it is all hot pressed—having to be done under the sea, or under something at least as heavy); if, I say, we use it as Nature would have us, consider what advantages would follow. The colors of marble are mingled for us, just as if in a press and palette. They are of all shades and hues (except bad ones), some being united and even, some broken, mixed, and interrupted, in order to supply, as far as possible, the want of the painter's power, of breaking and mingling the color with the brush. But, there is more in the colors than the delicacy of adaptation. There is history in them. By the manner in which they are arranged in every piece of marble, they record the means by which that marble has been produced, and the successive changes through which it has passed. And, in all their veins and zones, and flame-like stainings, or broken and disconnected lines, they write various legends, never untrue, of the former political state of the mountain kingdom to which they belonged, of its infirmities and fortitudes, convulsions and consolidations, from the beginning of time.

Now, if we were never in the habit of seeing anything but real marbles, this language of theirs would soon begin to be understood; that is to say, even the least ob-

servant of us would recognize such and such stones as forming a peculiar class, and would begin to inquire where they came from, and, at last, take some feeble interest in the main question: why they were only to be found in that or the other place, and how they came to make a part of this mountain and not of that? And, in a little while, it would not be possible to stand for a moment at a shop-door, leaning against the pillars of it, without remembering or questioning of something well worth the memory or the inquiry, touching the hills of Italy or Greece, or Africa, or Spain; and we should be led on from knowledge to knowledge, until even the unsculptured walls of our streets became to us volumes as precious as those of our libraries.

But, the moment we admit imitation of marble, this source of knowledge is destroyed. None of us can be at the pains to go through the work of verification. If we knew that every colored stone we saw was natural, certain questions, conclusions, interests, would force themselves upon us without any effort of our own; but we have none of us time to stop in the midst of our daily business to touch and pore over, and decide with painful minuteness of investigation, whether such and such a pillar be stucco or stone. And the whole field of this knowledge which Nature intended us to possess when we were children, is hopelessly shut out from us. Worse than shut out, for the mass of coarse imitations confuses our knowledge acquired from other sources; and our memory of the marbles we have, perhaps, once or twice carefully examined, is disturbed and distorted by the inaccuracy of the imitations which are brought before us continually.

But, it will be said that it is too expensive to employ real marbles in ordinary cases. It may be so; yet not always more expensive than the fitting windows with enormous plate glass, and decorating them with elaborate stucco mouldings and other useless sources of expenditure in modern buildings; nay, not always in the end more expensive than the frequent re-painting of the dingy pillars, which a little water dashed against them would refresh, from day to day, if they were of true stone. But, granting that it be so, in that very costliness, checking their common use in certain localities, is part of the interest of marbles, considered as history. Where they are not found, Nature has supplied other materials—clay for brick, or forest for timber—in the working of which she intends other characters of the human mind to be developed, and by the proper use of which certain local advantages will assuredly be attained, while the delightfulness and meaning of the precious marbles will be felt more forcibly in the districts where they occur, or on the occasions where they may be procured.

It can hardly be necessary to add, that, as the imitation of marbles interferes with and checks the knowledge of geography and geology, so the imitation of wood interferes with that of botany; and that our acquaintance with the nature, uses, and manners of growth of the timber trees of our own and foreign countries, would probably in the majority of cases, become accurate and extensive, without any labor or sacrifice of time, were not all inquiry

checked, and all observation betrayed by the wretched labors of the "Grainer."

But this is not all. As the practice of imitation retards knowledge, so also it retards Art.

There is not a meaner occupation for the human mind than the imitation of the stains and striæ of marble and wood. When engaged in an easy and simple mechanical occupation, there is still some liberty for the mind to leave the literal work; and the clash of the loom, or the activity of the fingers, will not always prevent the thoughts from some happy expatiation in their own domains. But the grainer must think of what he is doing; and veritable attention and care, and occasionally considerable skill, are consumed in the doing of a more absolute nothing than I can name in any other department of painful idleness. I know not anything so humiliating as to see a human being, with arms and limbs complete, and apparently a head, and assuredly a soul, yet into the hands of which, when you have put a pallet and brush, it can do nothing with them but imitate a piece of wood. It cannot color, it has no ideas of color; it cannot draw, it has no ideas of form; it cannot caricature, it has no ideas of humor. It is incapable of anything beyond knots. All its achievement, the entire result of the daily application of its imagination and immortality, is to be such a piece of texture as the sun and dew are sucking up out of the muddy earth, and weaving together, far more finely, in millions of millions of growing branches, over every rood of waste woodland and shady hill.

But what is to be done, the reader asks, with men who are capable of nothing else than this? Nay, they may be capable of everything else, for all we know, and what we are to do with them I will try to say in the next chapter; but meanwhile, one word more touching the higher principles of action in this matter, from which we have descended to those of expediency. I trust that some day the language of Types will be more read and understood by us than it has been for centuries; and when this language, a better one than either Greek or Latin, is again remembered amongst us, we shall find, or recognize, that as the other risible elements of the universe,—its air, its water, and its flame,—set forth in their pure energies, the life-giving, purifying, and sanctifying influences of the Deity upon his creatures, so the earth in its purity, sets forth His eternity and His Truth. I have dwelt above on the historical language of stones; let us not forget this which is their theological language, and as we would not wantonly pollute the fresh waters when they issue forth in their clear glory from the rock, nor stay the mountain winds into pestilential stagnancy, nor mock the sunbeams with ineffective and artificial light; so let us not by our own base and barren falsehoods, replace the crystalline strength and burning color of the earth from which we were born, and to which we must return; the earth which, like our own bodies, though dust in its degradation, is full of splendor when God's hand gathers its atoms, and which was for ever sanctified by Him, as the symbol no less of His love than of His truth, when He bade the high priest bear the names of the children of Israel on the clear stones of the Breast-plate of Judgment.—*Stones of Venice.*